

IS A VERY
POWERFUL
ORGAN!

The Innis Herald
Connell Attends
Council



PUZZ
SAY



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"If we only knew, if we only knew!"
— Chekhov

Miscellaneous Ramblings With the Editor

Revolving

A change is occurring at Innis. Well, one of many actually. There is a renewed interest in student government beginning to show. It's only a glimmer now, but the discerning eye can detect it.

Interest in the ICSS hit rock bottom a couple of years ago, at the end of the Burk administration (I use this term loosely). The B.A. was likely the chief cause of the decline. Scott Burk effectively resigned at Christmas (assuming he was actually there to start with). Scott Keyworth's performance was certainly inept, and bordering on criminal. Vic Chaisson was the invisible man all year, but it should be noted that Vic did not claim to be doing his job, as all the rest did.

The elections for the following year, and indeed the year after that saw the vast majority of positions filled by acclamation. Most noteworthy is the fact that the presidency has been filled by acclamation two years running.

All this is starting to change. This year's presidential race has at least 3 candidates. The race for social convener is also being contested.

Next year's executive will have their work cut out for them. The renewed spirit that's starting to show could easily be driven into the ground by an elitist or incompetent executive (and it need not be as bad as Burk.)

SAC

The next SAC President is sure to be a woman from Innis. Wee. It's a giant step for women and for Innis. Big Fuggin deal. Nuff said.

Dancing

The Innis Semi-formal was a smashing success (see report elsewhere in this issue). There was however a small black mark on the evening. As usual, it was the music. Last year the music was bad because it wasn't any better than André, and no old music was played.

This year it was at least as bad

because despite the fact that the music covered a broader spectrum of styles, it was played through a hopelessly inadequate sound system which distorted badly, and the modern music was straight am top 40 (or top 5). This is understandable, Ernie the D.J. is not a young chap and thus couldn't be expected to be in tune with modern music (but isn't this guy and alleged professional). Fair is fair, so I must point out one thing. Ernie admitted that his new music selection was a tad scanty, and told formal organizers that we, the students, could bring tapes to supplement his selection. Well no one told me, and no one brought any tapes.

I'm not one of André's biggest fans, in fact I'm one of his larger detractors. But when we've gone outside the college to get 'professionals', they've come up short every time. Maybe André should have been given a chance.

Sweating

One of the saunas (apparently pronounced SOW-NA) at the Athletic centre is broken. I'm pretty pissed off. So's Jim.

Fuckheads

Officer Ali is one. Hey George lets lose him. Religious fervor applied to parking control is a frightening concept.

Deadlines

Next ones coming up RFQ so be ready, its your last chance to get in Herald '87

Smarmy

The press release of the Dawe Gelb ticket was campaigning, and they did it before they were allowed to. They should be thrown out. Dawe claims it's just an information letter. What's campaigning for Lori? Showing off Richard's sexy bod.

Endings

Bit thin this month. Never apologize, Jim Shaved. Is John next? I really do miss Rip Kirby.

Guest Editorial

by Jim Sheddin

The newspaper claimed that this powerful organ was behind Ellen Ladowsky in the SAC Presidential race. Well, they're right as far as I'm concerned.

To be sure, both Lori Dawe and Ellen Ladowsky (both Innis students) have past skills they can bring to the job. Dawe as SAC representative and Ladowsky as ICSS President. Nonetheless, I would argue both that Ladowsky has done a better job than Dawe and that she brings other skills beyond her Presidency that Dawe cannot boast: for example, two years service on Innis College Council, the Cinema Studies Committee and one year on the Varsity Board of Directors. Both candidates have eminently qualified running mates: Ladowsky with Craig Pinnock, a Scarborough College student with extensive experience at the SAC executive level; and Dawe with Richard Gelb, an engineer with similar SAC experience.

How do I justify criticizing Dawe's performance as a SAC rep? Well, take her press release (released February 24, one week before campaigning was supposed to begin) for instance. She claims that she is appealing to students "who want their voice heard under the dome" and yet made virtually no effort to actually represent Innis students while she was at SAC. I know ICSS Student Affairs meetings may not be the only way to get an idea of what Innis students think, but they do seem to be the most obvious place to start. Dawe's attendance at such meetings has been, to say the least, bad.

But my pro-Ladowsky stance is really not such an anti-Dawe one. Instead, I support Ladowsky because of my philosophy of what SAC should be doing. I believe that SAC should be as decent as possible, that they should be encouraging student activity at the local level. And, while I know no one at SAC would go this far, I believe that SAC should be largely a more fortified COPOUT, an organization that brings together the smaller constituencies to work together where it is mutually advantageous. From what I've heard from Ladowsky and Dawe, Ladowsky seems to share these sentiments in the most concrete way. Some of her ideas include hoping revamp COPOUT and SCOUT and augmenting Project Aid spending. Project Aid financing allows SAC to fund an array of activities without having to either carry out or even endorse them.

Dawe seems to me, despite her press release to the contrary, a SAC insider more than a student in touch with "grassroots" students. I know Ladowsky, on the other hand, is very much involved in the activities of the average student. Voting for her will help SAC be more responsive to the needs of such students.

'DIXON WAS ALIVE AGAIN. Consciousness was upon him before he could get out of the way; not for him the slow, gracious wandering from the halls of sleep, but a summary, forcible ejection. He lay sprawled, too wicked to move, speeded up like a broken spider crab on the tarry shingle of the morning. The light did him harm, but not as much as looking at things did; he resolved, having done it once, never

to move his eyeballs again. A dusty thudding in his head made the scene before him beat like a pulse. His mouth had been used as a latrine by some small creature of the night, and then as its mausoleum. During the night, too, he'd somehow been on a cross-country run and then been expertly beaten up by secret police. He felt bad."

Kingsley Amis
From the novel, *Lucky Jim*



Letters

Crapping

Dear sir,

I would like to pass on some interesting information on this year's SAC presidential candidates. Lori Dawe, Innis College's alleged SAC representative has only seen fit to attend one Innis College Student Society, Student Affairs meeting (out equivalent of student council). Her reason for attending was to attempt to defend the outlandish statements she made with regards to the Women's Centre, which were in conflict with ICSS policy (Innis supports the Women's Centre, Dawe supports the Lady Godiva

marching band).

On the other hand, Ellen Ladowsky, ICSS President, has attended most Student Affairs meetings.

The Student Affairs committee is the main decision making body of the ICSS. All Innis students may attend, speak, and vote at these meetings. Thus the committee can rightfully claim to represent the students' views. By her repeated absences, Lori Dawe has demonstrated that she has no desire to represent the views of her constituents.

I urge all Innis students, and everyone else for that matter, to support Ellen Ladowsky and Craig Pinnock in the upcoming SAC elections.

Sincerely,

Matt McGarvey

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Innis Herald

Editor in Chief	Arthur D. Wilson
Rock Video Editor	Paul Della Penna
Review Editor	Jim Sheddin
Philosophy Editor	Matt McGarvey
Sports Editor	Vicky Zeltins
Semiotics Editor	Ted Parkinson
Photography	Richard Lautens M.D.G.
Contributors	Chloë Atkins André Czegledy Andrea Lennox Bruce Tarr Mark Parosotto David Morris Mike Friend John Waterson Cassie Rivers Alex Russel Martha MacEachern



SAC Race: Big Fuckin Deal

Well SAC nominations are closed and guess what? The two Presidential candidates are both women and both are from Innis College. This means that it is highly likely that the next SAC President will be an Innis woman.

We don't know much about their platforms. We got a press release from Dawe, but she just skimmed it. It seemed pretty flimsy. We haven't heard anything from Ladowsky yet. Ladowsky's running mate is

Craig Pinnock, a second year Scarborough College guy, while Dawe has selected Richard "Big R." Gelb to be her running mate. Gelb is a fourth year engineering student.

The Dawe ticket is definitely the inside SAC ticket here, as both Dawe and Gelb are both SAC lifers. Pinnock was on the SAC board this year, while Ladowsky was President of the Innis College Student Society. Neither candidate will admit to being the front runner at this time.

T. A. Reed Award Action

The T.A. Reed award is awarded to "an outstanding full/part time Innis College student. This award is designed to recognize outstanding contribution to the College or the university as a whole, through extra-curricular activities of a political, athletic or social nature.

But there's a catch. To win this award, a student is normally expected to have a grade point average of at least 2.0. Further the student must re-register with the U of T and remain affiliated with Innis College in the subsequent academic year (or else you won't see dollar one).

In order to apply one should obtain an application form from the registrars' office (Rm. 117) and obtain one letter of recommendation. These two documents should be

submitted to Linda Poulos (Rm 120) NO LATER than May 22, 1987.

Oh did we mention the money? Well if you win, you get money.



cont'd from page 2

Crapping on Jim

Dear Editor,

I am writing to express my extreme dissatisfaction with Jim Shedden's review of *Lolita* in the January '87 *Innis Herald*. "Trite, Manufactured, Embarrassing" may make a catchy headline but the unnecessarily harsh and nasty tone of his review is hurtful and offensive. It seems that Mr. Shedden is more concerned with being glib than with being fair. "Drooling madman" and "Simpering airhead", indeed.

Shedden criticizes Barb Goslawski for picking a controversial play which "closed in New York after less than a week". Her very intention, however, was to present a less traditional, more controversial play because she felt her audience would be interested in this. The favourable response of the audience indicates that this was choice was a popular one.

It is possible to be highly critical without seeming malicious. Readers resent being bullied by high sounding phrases. Granted, there were a few minor technical problems. Maybe the set was only "quasi-representative". Maybe the "original score made explicitly for this production, eh Jim?" was sometimes inappropriate. The acting, however, deserved better than Shedden's description "no roaring hell."

In future, perhaps reviewers could consider the context. College productions should not have to pass the semiotic third degree in order to be appreciated. Overkill, Jim, overkill.

Yours,
Anne Creighton

Crapping on Jim II

Jim,

I read your review [of *Lolita*]. I was refreshed by your use of intellect and critical awareness to achieve a purely negative end. Yours was indeed responsible journalism. It was responsible for hurting many people who worked hard for no other reason than fun.

—Well done
—Scott Lepone

Give us \$2000.00 and we'll work pretty hard at having a good time too.—Ed.

Crapping on Jim and Art

Re: Reviewing the ICSS.

It looks as though Jim expected to find a lot of unrest, griping and dissatisfaction. I think it is true there is a lot of dissatisfaction. I think it is true there is a lot of dissatisfaction among members of ICSS (ie, the student population), but that the finger should not be pointed solely at this year's executive.

Mr. Wilson pointed to the crux of the problem. Last year, it was only because the groups who were listed as minorities, e.g. SCAT, film society, athletics, etc., bickered about spending the extra dollars that the meetings were perceived as exciting and debating "hot issues". However, the status quo, i.e. Art, the rest of the "minorities" were thrown bones as consolation. It was the frustration of these groups at losing out to a computer and football equipment that spurred them to become "more or less autonomous". This set the environment in which this year's executive must function.

— ICSS meetings are now "minority" functions, with the rest of the population not giving a damn. I might add that it is a self-perpetuating cycle here — the absence of vocal dissent means the bones will become smaller and the former minorities more autonomous.

It is interesting to note how difficult the critics of ICSS affairs have made it for the one commission which is trying to spark some diversity — the education commission. Personality conflicts should be dealt with in a manner other than discarding a proposed event schedule (which ought to have been in the last *Herald*) and including derogatory comments and comics around said commissioners' article. The editors and writers of the media should not underestimate their contribution to keeping ICSS full of "boring, complacent contentment" — you stifled the only real dissent to arise.

I would also like to clarify the controversy about the education commission. Last term one event was promised, planned and delivered, with about 20-25% of the education budget being spent. This term, more events (at least three) are promised and being planned; the budget will be spent, and we've yet to see whether the events will be delivered. If one looks at the commission's track record, the

ICSS Presidential Race Heats Up

By Art Wilson and Jim Shedden

The ICSS elections will take place on March 16 and 17. So far there are two rumoured candidates, Vicky Zelins and Cassie Rivers. Yash from 12 Washington, is also rumoured to be a candidate, but when asked about this, denied any ambitions in this area. Lori Dawe, SAC Presidential candidate, insisted that he was still a viable candidate.

With this knowledge in hand, *The Herald* decided to conduct a public opinion poll, to determine which candidate, if any, was favoured to win at this early date.

76 Innis students were asked the following question: "So far, there are two rumoured candidates for the position of ICSS President, Vicky Zelins and Cassie Rivers. Based on your current knowledge, who would you vote for?"

The question was phrased in this manner in order to reflect the fact that no campaigning has been done so far and that nominations have not yet opened.

The Results were as follows: Vicky Zelins garnered 29 votes; Cassie Rivers, 32 votes; Undecided, 15. Further demographic breakdown showed that Rivers also held a slight, though statistically insignificant, edge among Vlad students, a body which has in the past been a sizeable electoral force.

The relatively large undecided faction was likely due to the fact that

little or no information on the candidates has been disseminated at this time.

From the polling, we arrived at certain conclusions, which are not reflected in the raw data. While both candidates had their staunch supporters and detractors, we felt that the Rivers supporters were generally more emphatic in their support, while Zelins garnered more



from the uninformed — "Well I've heard of Vicky so I'll support her" or "I don't know Cassie so I guess I'll support Vicky" — faction.

There were several Zelins detractors who said they were voting for Rivers but declined to say why they did not think Zelins would make a good ICSS President.

promise was kept, although the event's success was questionable. However, if successful events were mandatory it is doubtful any commission would be free of criticism.

The education commission has not failed. The *Herald*, knowingly or not, has failed. Try being constructive for a change.

Matt McGarvey
P.S. this means everybody.

—The Herald Replies:

The Education material referred to was left out of the January issue due to an unfortunate oversight. We did not eliminate it to make an anti-Richard Morley statement. Further, examination of any issue will reveal scarce editorial comments and cartoons scattered throughout the paper. Thus, Morley's article can hardly be said to have been singled out in this area.

—The Philosophy Desk Replies:
Failure is a relative term, Matt. Why don't you see a psychiatrist, perhaps then you'd realize just how the meat is slaughtered at Canada Packers.

Woah

Good day,

This policy of picking on Paul Della Penna must end! I want no more talk about him looking like the Devil, as he is a warm and wonderful human being; writes stirring, heartfelt reviews; and fucks like a beast.

I thank you
Karen Haberman

Crapping on André

To the Editor:

Re: André Czegledy's Fashion Column, Vol XX issue 4.

I must point to some glaring errors of judgement in Mr. Czegledy's column.

1: Hallucinogenic drugs are, for the most part, non-addictive. At best they are psychologically self encouraging.

2: By purchasing the clothing, is one not automatically associated with the institution named thereon?

What's Hot

1: Obviously, I don't need to shave to keep from fornicating with animals — some of us have will power.

These are my major concerns; as far as the rest of the items, they express the typical G.Q. minimalist fashion non-statement. Fashion statements that all of us who can't afford decent clothing vomit upon reading.

Sincerely,
Matt McGarvey

Crapping on Morley

Re: Down with ICSS fun:

*A trite rebuttal to a BADLY written and ILL conceived article based on ERRONEOUS premises.

Semi-gloss:

Some parts of the article need clarification. What is a "night-long jag funk"? A nocturnal gathering of psychotic tuba players? A reading of concrete poetry in a mudwrestling pit? If an explanation were given, perhaps the ICSS would hold a "night-long jag funk" in our library, and get this type of activity out of the garret and into our reading room.

How is it that we have "bitten on to the Engineer's myth"? I certainly haven't. My dentures have been missing for many years now, and before that the only things I could bite into were things such as small flightless birds and freshly picked zucchini, not abstract attempts to explain phenomena of nature by relating the exploits of the gods. When one considers that the aforementioned exploits are supposedly authored by a group of people who are wont to shout gibberish while wearing yellow plastic hats and purple arms, the prospect of biting "the Engineer's myth" is made very unappealing. For that matter, the prospect of biting an Engineer's anything does not sound to inviting. Why anybody would bite and Engineer's myth I do not know.

Matte Black:

Let us ignore the utter mangling and violation of the Queen's English in the article under discussion. The parts of it that are commonly understood maintain that the promulgation of fun by the ICSS does not lead to a stable academic community. The effects of dances are, according to the author, temporally constrained by the duration of the music and have no permanent effect on our mental condition. I disagree; some of the dances have certainly had a lasting effect on my mental condition.

Rivers detractors argued that her administrative experience was not equal to that of Zelins.

Both candidates are currently members of the ICSS Executive, Rivers as Social Director, and Zelins as Women's Athletic Rep. Rivers responsibilities include: organizing Innis parties; the Innis Formal; coordinating the Homecoming float; Talent Night; the Innis-Trinity biathlon; serving on SAC's SCOUT committee; and overseeing details of the *Lolita* production.

Zelins responsibilities include: administering women's intramural sports at Innis; organizing the Awards Banquet in conjunction with the other athletic reps; and representing Innis's female athletes at the DAR.

Further, Zelins was involved in the *Lolita* production and is sports editor for *The Innis Herald*, while Rivers has contributed to bridging the gap between SAC and Innis, through the coordination of certain joint events, such as the SAC-Innis X-mas party, and a touch football game.

Both Rivers and Zelins currently hold seats on the Innis College Council. Last year Zelins took over the Clubs Rep portfolio at mid-year, while Rivers was involved in administration and distribution of *The Innis Herald*.

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Further, the author maintains that dances do not promote intellectual development. This is not true. I have had more arguments about metaphysics, epistemology, ontology & ontology in the pub than anywhere else. Pearls of wisdom constantly slip from the mouths of Innis bartenders. Finally, the contact that I make with students in the pub and at the farm gives me a sense of belonging which is completely blown to bits by silly articles.

Sincerely,
Disgruntled Aesthetician
(looking for a good time)

Unhealthy

Dear Editor:

Re: Your January, 1987 issue, page 19 "Headline" We still hate *The New Edition*, the feeling is far from mutual. In fact, we at *The New Edition* (with the sole exception of Associate Editor, A.J.S. Nusbacher) constantly look to *The Innis Herald* for journalistic inspiration. We find it grievous that you condemn those who only hope to emulate the high standards which you have set for not only campus newspapers but even the national dailies as well.

Considering the extensive quality of your product you should be more apt to feel compassion, rather than hate towards us. We are low, sirs, please show us guidance in our folly.

Besides, Mike Zryd is a fanatical, left-wing, feminist, pinko-communist, peacock agitator; how could we not feel anything but love and understanding for *The Innis Herald*? After all, you've given Mike a home. By the way, what is he going to graduate? Now needs him A.S.A.P. and pretty soon that "Innis 876" inscription is going to look extremely dated.

Best wishes for 1987,
Peace and love to all,
David H. Landes
Associate Editor, *The New Edition*

If only we had known...—Ed.

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Please ensure that letters are typed (double spaced), signed (with telephone number) and free from sexist, racist, homophobic, agist, libellous or just plain dumb content; letters may be edited or rejected on these grounds or undue length. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions, are attributable only to their authors, no liability is attached to the *Innis Herald*, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher.

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The presidential race appears to be a dead heat at this point. The data shows Rivers in a slight lead. However, when the 95% confidence interval is constructed, the margin proves to be statistically insignificant.



News Flash: Mark Parisotto, of Vlad, is also running for ICSS President.

Jim's Page

Alumni Action

by Jim Shedd

Skating Party: A moderate success, considering it was the worst weather of the year. One large contingent of the ICAA was not there, lured instead by Anne Creighton's dinner party.

Upcoming Events:
Annual Dinner-Dance: February 28, 6:00 PM, Faculty Club. Tickets are going like hotcakes to the new, improved Innis Semi-Formal. John Bayly (the first ICSS Prez) will be there with his wife (the equally active Christine Bayly, nee Milani). Tickets may still be available from Audrey Perry in Room 124 of Innis College (978 4332).

Spring Brunch: Sunday, April

5, 11:30 -- 1:00

Picnic/Annual General Meeting: Sunday, June 7. Details later.

Peter Russell became a Companion of the Order of Canada. Katie Russell is back in Toronto, writing her PhD. Thesis for NYU...The Alumni Players performed two skits at the Innis Coffee House. Stars included Simon Cotter, Bruno Ierullo, Anne Creighton, Tim Cholvat, Art Wilson and Jim Shedd (playing Art Wilson)...The phone-a-ton will be revamped by next year...more gossip available at the dinner.

Council Action

by Jim Shedd

Sylvia Ritz-Munro (remember her?) has been named an Honorary Fellow (a complete list of Fellows appears at the end of this column)...A subcommittee (consisting of Shedd, Riendeau, Wilson, and Perry) has been struck to review the conditions for awarding honorary fellowships...George Connell (who?) will attend a meeting of Council on March 3, a reception will follow...Council is looking at the formation of a Discipline Committee...a couple of by-law changes are in the works to better define "teaching staff", "cross appointed staff" and to determine quorum for the standing committees.

Shedd reported on film happenings: Bruce Elder on January 29; Chris Gallagher on February 5; and a rare screening of Greenaway's *The Falls* on February 12.

ICAA: Shedd reported that the phone-a-ton was not that successful this year and hence would be revamped for next year. There will be a third issue of the newsletter coming out early spring. The book sale has been put on hold until at least Fall 1988. More elsewhere in this issue.

House Committee: New Cold Room hours (subject to change): open to the general public from 11-1; reserved for staff from 1-2; it can be booked any other time through the Residence Secretary. A furniture subcommittee has been struck (Poulos, Wilson, King and Campbell) to select furnishings for the room under the general guidelines that the room be a combination dining room/area. The picnic tables have arrived are now assembled on the upper deck. Thanks go to Fuzz for assembling the suckers.

Residence: Has not met yet. Gary Spencer reported that Taddie Creek has signed a lease with the University of Toronto with regard to the Innex student houses. The lease has been changed to Taddie Creek and the University of Toronto. It is a twenty year lease with eighteen years to run. More details from Gary Spencer, 978 2512.

Admissions and Counselling: Currently redesigning the "Innis Isn't For Everyone" pamphlet. Any suggestions welcome in the Registrar's Office.

Innis Action

by Ian Parker and Jim Shedd

Who the hell was Harold Innis? Most Innis students probably know little about this giant of Canadian intellectual history. Some of the active students have been up "the farm", Innis's birthplace. The more astute among them even know that it was Innis's birthplace. Now owned by the Harold Innis Foundation (a non-profit corporation which operates right out of your very own college), it is one of the many projects the Foundation has on the go. In addition to the farm, the Foundation awards scholarships, publishes the occasional book, houses the Harold Innis archives and runs academic conferences devoted to the intellectual spirit of Harold Innis.

On Saturday, March 14, 1987, the Foundation will be sponsoring its fourth annual conference. This year's conference is concerned not solely with the themes Innis developed in his writings but also with the intellectual and political environment within which he worked.

The University of Toronto and its Department of Political Economy underwent major changes in the over thirty years during which Innis taught at the University. The period began just after World War I and included the Depression years, the

Film Action

By Jim Shedd

February 12's screening of Peter Greenaway's *The Falls* was a great success for the film society. Over two hundred people attended this rare screening. Surprisingly, most remained for the whole of Greenaway's difficult film.

Other notable film society evenings have included a controversial night with Bruce Elder lecturing on the demise of Canadian avant-garde film (i.e. the institutional reasons for its current weakness). This attracted a vehement reaction from the supposed "avant-garde" orthodoxy (if such a term makes any sense) in Toronto, i.e. the Funnell crowd (John Porter, Dot Tuer et al) and a lively debate among those willing to endure the whole talk (mostly academics -- Clandfield, Testa and others, including filmmaker and curator Barbara Sternberg). With any luck, a transcript of the evening's talk will appear in the next *Herald*.

Regina's Chris Gallagher was well-received. For a filmmaker

who's renowned for his eight minute films, his two hour *Undivided Attention* was excellent. Experimental, but still intrinsically interesting enough to appeal to others such as resident Mr. Mainstream, Art Wilson.

The Heaven's Gate/The Man Who Shot Liberty Valence inspired much debate, largely chronicled in *The Varsity*. I won't recount it the details here because, as far as I know, people are getting sick of the Jim and Dave show.

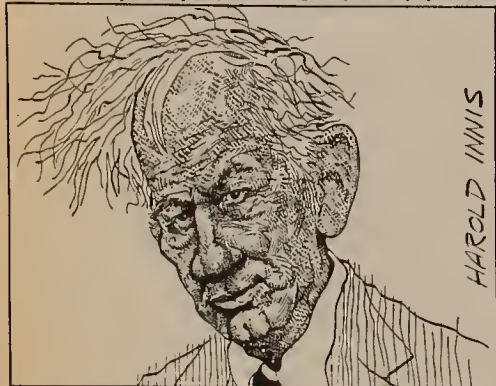
Next term? Don't miss Richard Kerr (now from Regina, with a batch a films), Jim Smith (from Ryerson, the experimental filmmaker), Bette Davis night (you asked for it), an Alexander Kluge double bill (hard to arrange so please don't miss it), and a night of films from Calgary and Winnipeg. We're also working with the Literary Studies Union to bring in a series of "literary" films, from Welles' *The Trial* to Elder's *Illuminated Texts*. Schedule elsewhere in this issue.

over these years.

The remainder of the morning and afternoon sessions will consist of panel discussions on the theme, "Innis, Political Economy, and the University", followed by substantial periods for general questions and discussion. The morning panel will focus on the period of the 1920s and 1930s, with contributions from Donald MacGregor, Irene Biss Spry, Albert Rose, and Eric Hardy. The afternoon panel will focus on the period 1940-52, with contributions from Donald Innis, Andrew Watson, Sally Zerker, Donald Kerr, Paul Fox, and Jack Sword. The panelists have themselves all had distinguished careers in academic and public life, and all were students or colleagues of Innis at some stage in their careers.

The Conference will serve as a forum for living oral history, and the proceedings will be recorded. It is hoped that such an event may provide an incentive to former students of Innis to provide written recollections of their University years, along with class notes from their careers in Political Economy with Innis and others (which could be copied and returned). These records, which would then be preserved in the Harold Innis Foundation or the University Archives, provide an invaluable and irreplaceable source of understanding of the history of intellectual life at the University, which will complement the insights gained at the Conference-Workshop.

Those who wish further information about the upcoming Conference-Workshop can contact Audrey Perry (978 4332), Roger Riendeau (978 3424), or Jim Shedd (978 7463).



Second World War, and the early stages of the Cold War. The University of Toronto grew substantially during these years and underwent major changes in response to general political-economic changes and to the strains of its own growth. Innis' numerous writings on the place of the university in Western civilization reflected his perception of the implications of those changes for the

University. For this reason, the Conference will have only two brief formal talks, one in the morning by Robin Harris (the Official Historian of the University of Toronto), on the University of Toronto during the period 1920-52; and one in the afternoon by Ian Drummond (who has written a history of the Department of Political Economy) on the development of the Department

Crybaby

Anne's response to my review of *Lolita* seems more like an attempt to make sure people at Innis aren't "hurt", rather than a sustained criticism of my writing.

I really don't think that I was being "hurtful" in my review. In fact, only one person from the play itself told me that he perceived my review that way; at least three people who worked on the play told me that I was too soft. No, I just didn't like it and felt that it was my prerogative to say so. The terms "drooling madman" and "simpering airhead" were, of course, referring to my perception of how certain roles were acted out, not to off-stage personalities. I really don't see how this could be construed as "hurtful" unless you think that the people involved in the play are too feeble to listen to a bit of (admittedly subjective) criticism.

I don't know whether or not Goslawski chose the play because it was "less traditional" and "more controversial". I heard (admittedly, a rumour) that Goslawski just didn't know that it had bombed until it was too late to change plays. Furthermore, when I called the play "controversial" I wasn't referring to its aesthetic qualities, for the play certainly is "traditional" by twentieth century standards; instead, I was referring to its reputation as a bad play.

I don't really care if "the favourable response of the audience

indicates that this choice was a popular one." Call me a snob, but I truly believe that appeals to mass opinion are fallacious. After all, if I were reviewing *Rambo* or *E.T.* I wouldn't dismiss my own instincts because of popular opinion. Audiences often respond favourably to junk (like *E.T.*) and unfavourably to authentic art (say, Godard's *Je Vous Salue Marie*). I'm just not about to trust the herd. I wasn't asked to review "audience response", I was asked to review the play.

I really don't think I was "malicious" and Anne hasn't given me reason to believe otherwise. She says that "the acting, however, deserved better than (my) description of 'no roaring hell.'" I disagree and I explained why I think that. What does she think was so good about the acting?

Some technical questions for Anne: what "high sounding phrases" do "readers resent" being "bullied by"? I do admit that "expressly" would have fit better than "explicitly" but "explicitly" isn't wrong. Finally, what the hell does the "semiotic third degree" mean, Anne? Do you even know what "semiotic" means, because I certainly didn't employ any semiotic principles in my article.

Well, don't take it personally Anne.

Yours,
Jim Shedd

Pop Scene Action

by Paul Della Penna

I got a CD player. Yep, Me. Reactions from friends: Creep. Fuckhead. Yuppie pig-bastard.

Well, I'm not going to apologize. In lieu of a cultural revolution in taste and sensibility, I'm going to build up a classical music and jazz collection on compact disc. Unless I'm given one good reason to refrain from doing so, some teensy little sign that the pop music is somehow redeemable, I have no other choice but to continue along this path. Personally, I would have blown the planet up in 1979—but no, I gave the eighties a chance, and it was very stupid of me.

This month's vids:

SAMANTHA FOX: Touch Me

Awww, do I have to? Yes, she has no talent. Yes, she's an airhead. Yes, the song is purit mid-seventies disco sleaze. Yes, the video is a sexist, exploitative, adolescent masturbatory fantasy. But who cares, I mean, ultimately?

PETER GABRIEL: Big Time
How do you follow up a weak novelty hit saved only by an incredibly inventive video with state-of-the-art wizardry and mind-blowing effects? Guess. Even a man with oh-so-serious credentials as Mr. Gabriel knows that when you've hit the big time, integrity and principle fly out the proverbial window. Pass the sledgehammer.

PAUL SIMON: Boy in the Bubble

Oh—I finally figured out why I don't like Graceland. It's because it's by Paul Simon.

MADONNA: True Blue
Now, I like this. It's sweet,



simple, and infectious like the tune I like the fifties girl group conceit, the sparse blue sets, Madonna's new hairstyle, well, just about everything. But I thought you hated mindless pop pastiche that shamelessly appropriates historical modes out of context, as a matter of principle, further evidence of the vacuity of this juncture in modernity? Yes, that's true. Sorry.

MADONNA: Open Your Heart

You have to admire her track record at least. Her singles are solid three-minute pop gems, and in the absence of anything better, she makes a fine icon. This quasi-pornographic video caused quite a stir, what with its peep-show, kiddie porn and other naughty, unsafe activities. And I think that's just great —and necessary. One has to admire this ladies sexual politics; virginal slut who keeps her baby and still likes to fuck.

TINA TURNER: What You See Is What You Get.

A rousin' little rocker, alot better than her previous sugary goop, with a video that looks as if its shot by Bruce Weber. With hunk o' men dressed in denim and sweat, loading trucks at the filling station in the scorching desert heat. Tina never looked more at home.

BILLY VERA AND THE BEATERS: At This Moment

This is the song that made it to number one because 40,000 viewers of *Family Ties* demanded its release. It took 20 years for the then, unknown lounge lizard Billy Vera to land a record deal, and lets hope its another 20 before his next single.

COREY HART: I Can't Help Falling in Love with You

Corey "Fishlips" Hart desecrates the King. I care.

BEASTIE BOYS: Fight For Your Right to Party

Ahhh, the best for last. Here is one very good reason to go on living, and scrapping the CD. Phenomenal, and I haven't even seen the video, if it exists. The very best memories of adolescence brought to you by three crude, vulgar brats, produced by genius *enfant terrible* Rick Rubin, consummating the wedding between rap and heavy metal. My enthusiastic praise, of course, has absolutely nothing to do with the fact that I partied with these boys years ago at NYU before anyone ever heard of them, and that a good friend produced their first single. Absolutely nothing.

Andy Warhol is dead. Thank God.



Semi-Formal Action

By Cassie Rivers, Social Rep

Signalling the impending close of the Innis College social season, the Dinner/Dance (commonly recognized as the Semi-Formal) was a smashing success. Honouring the class of 1967 unprecedented numbers of alumni, staff, students, and friends of the college attended and contributed greatly to the success of the dinner. Speakers included Robin Harris, first principal of Innis, and a major force in the formation of the ICSS, John Bayly, first president of the ICSS, Kathleen Crook, current Alumni Association president, Principal John Browne and ICSS president Ellen Ladowsky (SAC

presidential candidate) also said a few words.

This was the most popular formal ever with 180 people attending. The food was a definite improvement over recent years, as was the deejaying. The Faculty Club was an excellent venue to hold this event.

Many thanks to Audrey Perry and Jim Shadden, both of whom contributed numerous hours promoting the event. Thanks also to the formal committee (Sirje Jarvel, Anne Creighton, Mary Campbell, Chris Horvath, Ellen Ladowsky, Karen Smith and Melina Dolozel).

Rip Death Action

I will start, as one often should, at the beginning. Not the very beginning, but merely the beginning of significance, which was long enough ago that my memory is sketchy at best.

The *Toronto Globe and Mail* has the finest selection of cartoons of the three Toronto dailies, which is befitting of its status as the best Toronto daily. *The Star* may have Doonesbury, and *The Sun* has Bloom County, but these are hardly a match for the smorgasbord laid down by *The Globe* each and every day.

A quick run down of *The Globe* stalwarts is in order:

Blondie. Wonderfully dated, yet occasionally contemporary. We are comforted by its routine: Dagwood's sandwiches, Blondies shopping and bridge gossip, and of course the priceless Late for work scenario.

Mary Worth. Don't you just hate Mary. She's such a busy body. I wonder what she'd be like on Ritalin. Every character good or bad is usually loathsome in one way or another. And yet Mary is indispensable. She is an invaluable source of editorial cartoons, and manages to modulate from one melodramatic storyline to another with subtle grace.

Gasoline Alley. High realism in cartoons. Perhaps the only strip where the characters age like normal people. One of the greats.

Rex Morgan M.D.. Rex is soo terminally good. His strip deals with cutting issues: drugs, disease, corruption, and the current story baby selling. Rex is good in a different way from Mary. He's a little more easy going, likes a good joke now and then. Another grabber is Rex's implied relationship with June Gail. He eats most of his meals



with her (although he's usually called off to some emergency in the middle of the salad) but we're not quite sure if he's squeezing her. I think he is. Probably gets her strung out on drugs and takes advantage of her.

So much for the stalwarts, on to the transients.

Come and Gone:

Nestlings. Come back please. One of the wittiest, worst drawn strips ever.

Ehore. Remember that one. Droll political satire was the mark of this strip. It is sorely missed, particularly since our alternative is Ben Wick's (and we'd have to buy the *Star* to get him).

Come and still here:

Drabble. A little slow off the mark, but it has developed into a fine strip. Besides Bob the duck and his ducklings are just cute as the dickens.

Farside. Ranks with Doonesbury as the greatest strip of all time. Gary Larson should be committed.

Bizarro. Really bad cheap Farside ripoff, when it started. But like many *Globe* strips, and fine wine, it has matured over time. It's not consistently great, but it has its moments.

The *Globe* has in the past managed its strips wisely. The demise of Nestlings, and Ehore were

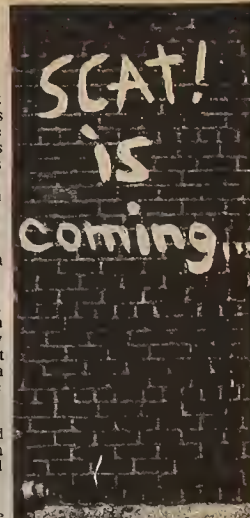
beyond its control. Recently however the *Globe's* cartoon management could best be described as bumbling and gutless

Example: Kudzo. Not consistently brilliant, but it had its moments. Unfortunately the *Globe* knuckled under to the religious fanatics who were upset by the was Kudzo poked fun at religion. One needs only flick on the T.V. on Sunday to realize that these zealots are attempting to hide the truth. The *Globe* is not usually a weak kneed paper. Why it chose to suck up to a bunch of loonies is beyond me.

As for replacement strips. Bernie's beat. Worst piece of trash I've ever seen. Sally Forth. Pretty bad too, but at least it doesn't insult ones intelligence. The Middletons, a recent addition shows some promise, but it could go either way.

Like Fine wine and good literature, the *Globe* comics are an acquired taste. Lately a few bad bottles have come out of the cellar.

Rip Kirby. Come back Rip. We miss you so.



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Review

By Jim Shedden

Dying is the most embarrassing thing that can ever happen to you, because someone's got to take care of all your details. You've died and someone's got to take care of the body, make the funeral arrangements, pick out the casket and the service and the cemetery and the clothes for you to wear and get someone to style you and do the makeup. You'd like to help them, and most of all you'd like to do the whole thing yourself, but you're dead so you can't.

-- Andy Warhol, *America*

Filmmakers are dropping like flies. Within only a few months we've had to endure the deaths of Maysles, Sirk, Tarkovsky, McClaren and now, Andy Warhol.

The perception of Warhol's death is qualitatively different from almost any other. With Norman McClaren or Andrei Tarkovsky, for example, one laments the loss of an individual artist; one feels, that is, that an actual living, breathing, human being has died and one feels sad that this is so. How many people said, "Andy Warhol died. That's so sad." Nobody that I know. This is partly because Warhol was not a sympathetic human being (he unproblematically allowed a culture of drug addicts and other social losers to flourish around him), but also because Warhol was, more than almost any twentieth century artist (with the possible exception of Ronald Reagan) as much an image as a person. While his art is some of the most important work produced in the past three decades, it is based much on the superficial, so much on the already-there (after all, the aforementioned drug addicts were Warhol's art work), that the death of the "creator" of such work seems altogether less significant than the death of the more traditional artists (like Tarkovsky or Sirk).

My interest in Warhol began in what is now a cliched manner. A youthful interest in Lou Reed's

Velvet Underground back in high school led to an interest in its creator, Warhol. I read his autobiography, which helped situate the work of John Cale and Lou Reed, and then had to know more about this figure. Since my aesthetic interests are largely in film, I obviously wanted to see Warhol's films. Unfortunately, most of the so-called "Warhol" films are actually creations of Paul Morrissey (who is, of course, a "creation" of Warhol's), an absolutely awful filmmaker. Warhol himself, as it turns out, is not all that great a filmmaker but he is, as if to prove my thesis, an important filmmaker.

Warhol, whose real name is Andrew Warhola, was born in Pittsburgh in 1928, the son of Czech peasant immigrants. After a dismal, impoverished childhood, Warhol went on to earn his B.A. in design from the Carnegie Institute of Technology. He moved to New York City to become a commercial artist and shoe designer.

By 1952, Warhol had moved up in the world, securing an impressive opening at the Hugo Gallery of illustrations accompanying short stories by the then-trendy Truman Capote.

Warhol enjoyed commercial success throughout the 1950s. By 1962, the now (in)famous Campbell Soup can silk-screens were displayed in Los Angeles and New York and by 1963 he was making films.

In 1965, Warhol befriended the aforementioned Morrissey. Shot by Valerie Solanis (one of many drug-crazed, moronic, "actresses" who centred their lives around Warhol) in 1968, Warhol retired from the film business, leaving most of the work to Morrissey and merely signing the works ("Andy Warhol's Bad" for example).

In 1963 Jonas Mekas reported that people were asking: "Is Andy Warhol really making movies, or is he playing a joke on us?" By 1964,

in a reaction to Warhol's infamous *Empire*, he was claiming that "if all people could sit and watch the Empire State Building for eight hours and meditate upon it, there would be no more wars, no hate, no terror -- there would be happiness regained upon earth." Other critics were more to the point: "if ever a film was devised to be discussed and not seen, *Empire* is surely that film. Shot from the 44th floor of the Time-Life building, the camera gazes for a full eight hours of moronic unmoving rapture at New York's venerable 102-story monstrosity while the sun majestically sinks through the afternoon toward darkness in an all-too-literally breathtaking smog" (Stephen Koch, *Stargazer*).

Warhol's first important film was *Kiss*, which consists mostly of, of course, a long, extended, boring kissing scene. This is, obviously, a remake of Edison's 1900 film of the same name.

Sleep

Seeing everyone up all the time made me think that sleep was becoming pretty obsolete, so I decided I'd better quickly do a movie of a person sleeping.

-- Warhol, *Popism*

Sleep is one of his most talked about (but not seen for probably two decades) films. It consists of six hours of John Giorno (an ex-stockbroker who became a poet, founding the legendary dial-a-poem) sleeping (Warhol claims to have actually filmed an unaware Giorno for six hours but the film was made over the course of several weeks and works extensively with loops). When the film opened in Los Angeles, the reaction was even more hysterical than that provoked by the dadaists. In a letter to Jonas Mekas, Mike Getz (manager of Cinema Theatre) wrote that the audience of about five hundred people were ready to lynch him. Understandable, considering the nature of the film (the first shot is a close-up of Giorno's abdomen and runs for about forty-five minutes). One man walked up to the screen and screamed in Giorno's ear, "wake up!"

Film scholar Stephen Koch approaches *Sleep* by contrasting it with Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase*. Duchamp, he says, makes a "serial meditation on movement, conjugated and arrayed as quietude within the abstracted irreality of pain". Warhol, on the other hand, makes a "serial meditation on stillness, run through its variations and protracted within the unreal, yet temporal and concrete medium of film." Both works are profound in their "dissociation of time in the name of a hypostatized quietude." *Sleep*, according to Koch, radically throws into question the idea of cinematic time. Audiences could come the film, eat, chat with friends, leave for a while, sleep for an hour or two themselves and, all the while, Giorno remains sleeping.

P. Adams Sitney takes a different approach to evaluate *Sleep*'s aesthetic significance: "(Warhol) made famous the fixed frame in *Sleep*, in which half a dozen shots are seen for over six hours. In order to attain that elongation he used both loopprinting of whole one hundred foot takes (and) the freezing of a still image of the sleeper's head. The freeze process emphasizes the grain and flattens the image precisely as rephotography off the screen does."

The Films Of



Blow-Job.

Blow-Job

I've been quoted a lot as saying, "I like boring things." Well, I said it and I meant it. But that doesn't mean I'm not bored by them.

-- Warhol, *Popism*

Other films in the *Sleep* genre include *Eot* and the equally infamous, *Blow-Job*. For half an hour Warhol films the face of a man who is being felled by five different boys, until he orgasms. According to Koch: "it does seem to be a real live blow-job that we're not seeing." The film invites a theorisation of off-screen space. For Koch, *Blow-Job* distinguishes the early Warhol from Morrissey and the later Warhol because of its

commitment to Duchampian aesthetics. After Duchamp abandons painting in 1917, he is involved "in the refusal to create a self-sufficient spectacle and the denial of the primacy of the immediate senses in favour of something more remotely locked within the perceptual structure." Since we never see the boys actually blowing the actor, (and, in fact, we are never even sure that they are doing such a thing) *Blow-Job* directs the viewer away from the banal image on the screen to the "unseen perceptions...the appreciation of how a reality alternate to the thing seen is constructing itself and falling away in the mind as we pass through the charade of observing, of witnessing."



Sleep, freestanding oil on plexiglas, made from two frames of *Sleep*. Collection, John Coplans.

f Andy Warhol

Vinyl

Vinyl was our interpretation of *A Clockwork Orange* with Gerard as a juvenile delinquent in leather saying lines like "Yeah, I'm a J.D. — so what."

— Warhol, *Popism*

Vinyl signifies the difference between the New York 1960s and the Los Angeles 1960s. While the West Coast was sit-ins, love-ins, peace, LSD, marijuana, and the Jefferson Airplane, the East was sadomasochism, speed, heroin and the Velvet Underground. The first film adaptation of Burgess's *A Clockwork Orange*, *Vinyl* stars Malanga as Victor, the alienated protagonist, who takes delight in whips and chains, discipline and punishment. Like Warhol's other films, *Vinyl* causes the viewer's attention to be held, "only to be released and taken again."

My Hustler

Everybody has different stories about who had acid that weekend and who didn't. All anyone agrees on is that we had a Crystals record called "He Hit Me (and It Felt Like A Kiss)" playing over and over day and night, which everyone loved because the lyrics were so sick.

— Warhol, *Popism*

Described by Warhol as "the story of an old fag who brings a butch blond hustler out to Fire Island for the weekend and his neighbours all try to lure the hustler away," *My Hustler* was (according to Warhol) the prototype for *Midnight Cowboy*, a film he dismisses as a straight attempt to cash in on the counterculture (like *Hair*).

The film marks a turning point for Warhol. The influence of Paul Morrissey can be felt. The intentional technical sloppiness is minimized; there is a narrative that is more or less continuous; lines are



Vinyl, Gerard dances.

memorized; montage is carefully considered.

My Hustler is the kind of film that Bruce Elder talks about when he mentions (to the New Puritans of today's avant-garde) that hip people actually came out to see experimental films in the sixties because of the amount of sex and nudity. Despite this, though, as Koch says, *My Hustler* is "one of the first Warholian works...in which the work's fundamental qualities as film don't happen to be particularly interesting."

Chelsea Girls

During the filming of *Chelsea Girls*, when Ondine slapped Pepper in his sequence as the Pope, it was so for real that I got upset and had to leave the room -- but I made sure I left the camera running.

— Warhol, *Popism*

Chelsea Girls is Warhol's most famous non-Morrissey film, and one of the only early works that is ever screened (it was shown at The

begin. Thurs. Sept. 15 8 & 12 o'clocks 12.00

FOR ONE WEEK

ANNOUNCING THE WORLD PREMIERE

of 8 hours of the new epic film by

Andy Warhol "The Chelsea Girls"

ROOM 723—POPE ONDINE
ROOM 422—THE GERARD MALANGA

STORY
ROOM 945—GEORGE'S ROOM
ROOM 202—AFTERNOON
ROOM 116—HANOI HANNA
ROOM 632—THE JOHN
ROOM 416—THE TRIP
ROOM 822—THE CLOSET

Starring Mary Woronov, Gerard Malanga,
International Velvet, Marie Menken,
Dorothy Dean, Pope Ondine, Edie
Sedgwick, Eric Emerson, Donald Lyons,
Edwin Hoed, Patrick, Arthur Loeb, Ingrid
Superstar, Randy Borscheidt, Angela
Davis, The Velvet Underground & Nico.

IN COLOR AND BLACK & WHITE

Funnel about five years ago). A "feature film", *Chelsea Girls* remains experimental, still exploring issues of cinematic time and space, as contrasted with "real" time and space.

The film is a split screen extravaganza. Twelve reels were filmed, unedited and of equal length, each comprised of a performance (a different "room" of the Chelsea). They can be, and are, shown in whatever order the projectionist feels like.

This is Warhol's masterpiece, combining his serious modernist concerns (the dissolution of narrative time and linear progression) with a representation of his amoral world of the Factory (his studio) and its various "superstars", the social losers alluded to earlier in this article. A belching Ondine in one room, an LSD-obliterated Eric Emerson in another, Marie Menken (the experimental filmmaker) in another (scolding her fictional son Gerard Malanga for marrying Hanoi Hannah, this film is a chronicle of the decadence of the Warhol 60s.

Andy Warhol Filmography

(from Stephen Koch and Jonas Mekas) (Morrissey films have been deleted)

1963

Tarzan and Jane Regained...Sort of
Kiss
Sleep
Andy Warhol Films Jack Smith
Filming "Normal Love"
Dance Movie
Haircut
Eat
Blow-Job
Salome and Delilah

1964

Batman Dracula
Empire
Henry Geldzahler
Couch
Shoulder
Mario Banana
Harlot
The Thirteen Most Beautiful Women
Soap Opera
Taylor Mead's Ass

1965

The Thirteen Most Beautiful Boys
Fifty Fantastics and Fifty
Personalities
Ivy and John
Suicide
Screen Test #1

Screen Test #2

The Life of Juanita Castro
Drunk
Horse
Poor Little Rich Girl

Vinyl

Bitch
Restaurant
Kitchen
Prison
Face
Afternoon
Beauty #2
Space
Outer and Inner Space
My Hustler
Camp
Paul Swan
Hedy
More Milk Yvette
Lupe

1966

The Velvet Underground and Nico
Bufferin
Eating Too Fast
The Chelsea Girls
**** or The Twenty Four Hour
Movie

1967

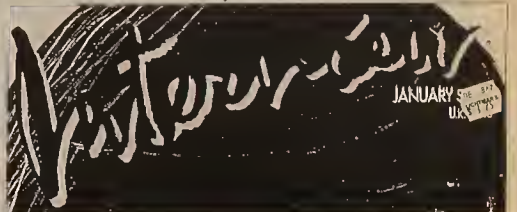
The Loves of Ondine
I, A Man
Bike Boy
Nude Restaurant
Lonesome Cowboys



Shooting *My Hustler*.



Flesh, Joe Dallesandro.



Flesh.



Random Thoughts

Unhealthy Philosophy

By Matt McGarvey

I was just too darned sick over the past month to write about anything serious. Since this time of year is always a big illness time, here are my hints for recovery.

1. Take a multi vitamin and a bunch of vitamin C every day. Get the generic brands before they're turfed out by the big companies political wheel

2. Get lots of sleep.

3. Don't skip classes more often than usual — this will just induce more stress from guilt and catch up.

4. Don't eat more than necessary. You want to be relatively less active, and putting on fat will make you feel like absolute shit.

5. Avoid smoking, smoking drugs and alcohol until spring. For escapism pleasure take cough medicine, codeine, or mushrooms (Not that we're advocating the use of recreational drugs —Ed.). Avoid stimulants, except in the morning (yes, I guess we are —Ed.).

6. Have lots of sex. Now is the

best time because

I: People are tanned and warmed after reading week

II: It'll boost your sagging morale.

III: You're sick anyway so a little disease won't hurt. However avoid AIDS until after your cold is cured.

IV: Sex is good — categorically, a priori, absolutely. Ignore any rumours to the contrary.

7. Drop that nagging spring course quickly. You'll feel your shoulders relax, and get a little bit of money back too.

If this doesn't remedy the mid-winter blahs and ralphs and hacks, I don't know what will. Note, any sex program should be initiated only after consultation with a doctor or editor of a newspaper at the youngest college at U of T who is not the Editor in Chief (Hello —Ed.) and who obviously knows what ails you.

By Chloë Atkins

I was just standing there. Leaning against the wall. Looking at the desserts. Trying to figure out whether I really wanted to pay \$3.75 for a stale piece of cake. It sat on a plate with the florescent light of the refrigerator illuminating its dry edges. There were pies of course. With big sugary crusts. But I don't like pie. The pastry always sticks to the roof of my mouth. I Hate the dessert taste. So pie was out. And I was just standing there watching the people go in and out. Feeling pretty cool in my new sweater and tapping my foot to the funk music playing on the radio. I decided to wait for Roger while he got some money and then we could go somewhere else. Or to the store to buy Sara Lee. If he wanted to stay I didn't care. I'd have coffee. And he could eat his pie which he likes. He likes bread too and I don't really. Well not enough to eat half a loaf for lunch the way he does. I guess he likes dough and I don't.

Anyway. A woman walked in while I was waiting. She had thrown a coat around her shoulders and clutched at it with her right hand, keeping it from falling off. She wore brown polyester stretch 'slacks'. The kind everybody laughs at on Halloween when you dress up as your mother's cleaning lady. That's what I figured she was; a cleaning lady. Working the all-night shift at one of the office buildings nearby.

And then she spoke.

"Good aye haw sum of de mac-a-rone? Dhere," she said pointing at the pesto. I knew it was pesto because the little card said: 'pesto fines herbes.'

A waiter with blonde blonde cropped hair stood behind the

counter squinting at her. A long chain dangled from his ear. He played with it with his fingertips, swinging its metal links against his neck.

"Huh?" He questioned her. This time he pointed at the pesto. "You want this?"

"Ya . . . Yes. Pleasee." She smiled. I grimaced. "A littel."

"We don't sell it in a small size. It comes as a dinner. You know. A dinner. For \$4.95."

"Ya. Dat. Dat es what aye want. A small bet. Ya dat." With her thumb pressed against the glass pane of the counter.

"Look you don't understand. It comes as a dinner. We don't sell it small."

"Oh. OK. How much? For de mac-a-rone."

"\$4.95."

"Oh. No. No small?"

"No." He leaned over the counter asserting his answer. Looking like he wanted to squash her like some fly that got in the door by mistake.

She shuffled down the aisle, rearranging her coat with one hand.

"How much for a small un of those?" She nodded at the greek salad.

"\$4.25 per kilo."

"Dat much for un small un?"

"No, no. Per kilo. I have to weigh it." He rested his hand on the scales.

"Ok. Dat pleasee."

He took a pair of tongs from the sink behind him and slapped them against his aproned leg, drying them of water. He put a plate on the scales and began to pile feta-covered tomatoes onto it. He didn't weigh the plate like I knew he was meant to. I'd watched him

before. He'd done it for everybody else but he didn't do it for her. I wanted to say something. Tell him to give her the 'macarone' for free. Or for cheap. He kept piling, making it expensive so she wouldn't come back.

"Do yoo hav a telefon noomber? to call. To eat. For later."

He shook his head.

"No? No noomber?"

"No!"

"But yoo hav telefon."

"But we don't have a number."

Roger came in the door. "Looks good," he said, wrapping his arm around my shoulder. "What are you having?"

"Nothing." I could feel my cool slipping away. My chest felt hollow.

"What's the matter with you. I just ran all that way to get money. And now you tell me 'nothing.'" He squeezed me hard around my shoulder. "Come on. Eat something."

"No. Let's go." The waiter was writing the price down on a slip of paper. "Roger. I want to go. Understand?"

His hand slipped down the side of my arm and fell softly to my waist. His fingers cupped my hip. "Hey."

A prickling heat crept up my neck, along the base of my skull and into my face.

"Hey." He pulled me closer.

"Hey."

My jaw slackened. The muscles in my cheek relaxed.

"Hey."

I felt my body yield. I let my head droop against his face. "Okay. Yea. Okay."

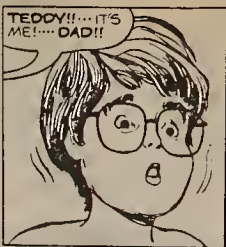
Micro Semiotics

By Ted Parkinson

Every day on our streets, in our subways or over some coffec, cappuccino or espresso placed on thin arborite tables, one woman (bright, tired but willing to be energetic) will exclaim to another (attentive, encouraging) "I don't know how I ever got through that!" Then the second woman will nod (a signal the communication has been received) and smile grimly (a signal that the velocity of the statement, that is, the underlying angst, has been shared). Without the grim smile of the second, the first woman will never again trust her with this sort of disclosure, the nod signifies only phative acceptance of the situation, a passive acknowledgement of the other's right to speak but not necessarily to feel or, better yet, not to feel annoyance or frustration. The nod alone would engender in the first woman a feeling of chagrin and chagrin is the enemy of all polite conversation.

What we are faced with here, as we stroll by the pair on the mezzanine level, or rush past them on the escalator, is an incomplete communication, a painfully obvious lack of reference, a lack so profound that we are stunned into silence and immobility, destined to be forever excluded from the meaning, the point, the "big picture". What is "that" which she got through? Which she apparently, succeeded at? And what is the secret of her success? A secret of which she seems to be unaware. Her first words (to us, to her friend?) were "I don't know . . ." How strange to begin with a negation, a statement that all that comes after depends on an absence, an unstated or unknown quality which, for reasons of its own, persevered, insisted on her "getting through" and then, as mysteriously as it came, disappeared. So she begins: I (cogito) don't (negation of the cogito's influence) know (knowledge=power but in this case that power has been negated, rendered impotent by an essential weakness of the cogito. I think therefore I am weak, rendered finite by the limitations of the discourse I do not understand) how (adverb, in this utterance the central signifier since it refers to the precise state or

conditions which contributed to her (past) success. But, again, it is neutered, cut off from meaning by the inadequacy of the cogito.) I (cogito again but this time in the past. This is the "I" who might have, at some point, known or understood the conditions of its success: hard work? Stoic acceptance? Inside information? Belief in a power greater than thinself?) ever (the infinitive of the absence. For ever



and ever "I" will never know.) got (achieved something. This is the moment the sentence might have turned back on itself. If only there was something, some artifact which she, in fact achieved. It would be a site from which we could work back, investigate its history and perhaps find its point of initial presence) Through (there, it's gone. She didn't get anything, she just got through something which has long since disappeared. What has vanished?) that!

And so we see why the nod of the second woman must be accompanied by a pained (feigned?) smile. The nod is an alibi for the understanding of a situation neither has understood. A nod is an affirmation of the impossibility of any recuperation of what has come, been, and gone. But it is also and affirmation of the present, the fractured cogito, full of gaps yet, nevertheless, bravely communicating on the way to work, the way home, or, if the second woman is lucky, on the way to picking up the cheque. There are a million inadequate discursive utterances in every mezzanine and this is just one of them. Next month: Jock Talk



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murnau's FAUST
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WEDNESDAY MARCH 11

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MARCH 19 **FILM SOCIETY MEETING**
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MARCH 26 **THE WOMAN'S BODY
IN THE EXPERIMENTAL FI
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Everybody



The Skeletones



The Alumni Guys



Rick

Variety Night Smash Hit Action

By Jim Shedden

Without a doubt, this year's new, improved variety night was far superior to last year's, or any other year's in recent memory. Holding it in the Pub so patrons could get bombed during the show helped. It also didn't hurt that the emcee was an Innis student (last year's emcees were from Trinity and Vic for some unknown reason). Oh yeah, Art (the emcee) was fairly tanked and this was a nice touch.

The show. Rick (with Ted): O.K. good voice, good bass. Next, Dave Morris displayed his woodwind prowess. Thanks Dave. After that, Simon's first alumni skit: the weakest of the two but still a couple of good lines here. Get this: (Trin. registrar to Jesus): "what were you, born in a barn?" Tee hee.

Other hot acts: Jenny and Marie did a wailing "House of The Rising Sun". Simon, Bruno and Tim sang real swell. The Skeletones were (according to Kate Mackay) the "greatest" although this reviewer found them a bit monotonous (if not bad). The Innistones were cute, as were Judy and Cathy.

Alex Russell and friends were the best musically, giving a tight, and thoroughly professional performance, although, again, Judy Phillips has amazing voice training.

Chris Ryan did a good job with the old Beatles' tune *Yesterday*, accompanied by Lanchester Anderson on piano. Lanchester also did the accompaniment for The Innistones rendition of *The Streets of London*. Chris also sang lead in the Innistones fine rendition of *The Lion Sleeps Tonight*, which was done acapela.

Ted Parkinson, a perennial Variety Night favorite, served up some new tunes along with a few old favorites, including "My neighborhood".

Not so hot: Dave Sneddon's daring stand-up comedy routine. Getting a bit dull: Ramsey. Embarrassing: the "California Dreamin'" finale.

The highlight of the evening was definitely the pie auction where the audience got to bid on the opportunity to throw a cream pie in the face of an ICSS executive member of their choice. Art Wilson called a fine auction, likely due to the fact that he was moving along pretty well at this point in the evening. Simon won the first pie and cheated by throwing it in Art's face. Mike Zryd and Paul Della Penna beat out yours truly and got to throw a pie in Ellen's face. Richard Morley and Matt McGarvey were conspicuous by their absence.

All round: real swell. A refreshing change from the usual Innis Pub fare. Congratulations to Alex Russell and Eric Lee, co-directors of the show.



Eric Lee as Vanna White



Eric Lee as Eric Lee



Art as Art

Sport

Men Finish Strong: But Crap Out Anyway

INNIS WINS CHAMPIONSHIP GAME...

Well... sorta. It was a season of ups and downs for the Flames who boldly promoted themselves into this year's competitive Div. 2. After a 4 game winning streak before Christmas, the team lost 2 games to teams below them in the standings. The second of which was to Trinity - a particularly unpleasant experience. After being confronted with the devastating news that they were out of playoffs, the Innis Flames took on undefeated first place Erindale in their last game of the season. Thanks to the game-clinching blast from the stick of Mitch Chang the Flames embarrassed their green-clad adversaries by a score of 4-1. With less than a minute remaining and the Flames leading 3-1, Erindale

pulled their goaltender in favour of an extra player. The Flames managed to get the puck out of their own end and Mitch Chang found himself all alone with the puck in front of the empty Erindale net. Chang had been the Flames leading scorer last season, but until that moment had yet to score a goal this season. "You know, I really wish the goalie had been in there to challenge me", the confident Chang said. However, despite this lack of challenge, Chang found it within himself to place the puck in the empty net and avoid an entire summer of ridicule. The win against Erindale, while coming too late to help the Flames playoff aspirations, gives rise to optimism for the \$7/\$8 campaign. The Div. 3 team is playoff bound and hopes to regain the title which Innis relinquished last year to PHE.

Co-ed Athletics



By Richard Nixon By Alexander the Great, Andrea Lennox and Andre Czegledy

The coed field has been interesting this term. Basketball was played in a 3-week format and we didn't do so hot. The first week there were not enough girls, the next week not enough guys and I don't think there was enough of anybody the last week. Why? Last year this was one of the hottest sports. Didn't you see the notices on the chalk board? Next year, January. Be there. (No we didn't make the semi-finals!)

Coming up in coeds is the infamous Superstars tournament. It will be held one day only on Fri., March 6 from 7-11 pm. We will be entering a team, I think, and we expect to do well. Each team must have 8 people and the events range from relays to obstacle courses to whatever else the convenors come up with. If you are interested see Andrea or Andre immediately or leave a message for them on the door of Rm. 116.

The famous Nummies Game is coming up soon. This March as a matter of fact. Everyone is invited to play and absolutely no experience is necessary. Nummies is the traditional hockey game between the men & women of Innis. The women have won the last 3 years in a row. ARE YOU A NUMMIE?

A new coed athletic rep is needed for next year. Andre refuses to do it yet again. If you are in the slightest way interested then contact someone in Rm. 116 and get a nomination form in. Your contribution is greatly appreciated.

Women's Athletics



By Vicky Zelins

Well, the end is drawing is near. The year has been an overall success and that's about all I'm going to say about that. (I need something to say at the Dinner on March 20.)

Oh by the way, in case you haven't heard yet, the Athletic Banquet (Dinner & Dance) is on Friday, March 20. Tickets will cost a mere \$4 and will go on sale soon. Everyone who has been involved in Intramural and Varsity sports is invited. The after Banquet party is for everyone and tickets for that will be sold at the door under the usual conditions. Watch the Bulletin Board for more details.

The Div 1 Women's Volleyball team, our only winter sport this year, is doing well. Martha and Andrea have covered it quite thoroughly in their article. Need I say more? (I have a feeling that at this point a certain editor is going to add an Ed note and say then why are you?)

There is another sport available to women this winter and that is squash. There will be a 3-day tournament in early March, but players will not have to play on each day. If you are at all interested in playing, please leave me a message on the door of Rm. 116 or call me at home at 489-8798. The deadline is fast approaching so the sooner, the better.



By Bruce Tarr

I used to like writing sports articles. That was when we were winning. Now we're a bunch of losers! Not a single men's team has a winning record since the holidays, but we're turning a profit.

The rugby shirt sales have continued to escalate into February and, if this trend continues, a jacuzzi in Mr. Shower won't be far off, (if only we could get in!). If you are intrigued by the thought of owning a new Innis Rugby shirt then see me about getting one.

The men are still playing, in some

. The biggest dilemma at the moment besides all the details connected with the Athletic Banquet, is the election of a new Women's Athletic Rep. This will not be possible if no one runs. The job is not that difficult with the biggest task being the registration of teams.

All sorts of people have already volunteered to be team reps next year. This reduces the amount of work enormously. The job is only as complicated as you make it. The staff at the Recreation Office have been involved for years and can answer all your questions. As long as you remember deadlines you will encounter no problems.

Also, you do not have to be athletic in any context to do a good job. As a point of information, your life may be less encumbered if you don't have to worry about competing yourself. Athletic prowess is not in the list of qualifications. That list includes: communication skills, organizational abilities, a willingness to get involved and a minimal time commitment that is as flexible as you are.

If you are in any way interested and you have other questions, please feel free to talk to me and I'll try to alleviate any apprehensions you have.

Men's Athletics

sports so if you haven't come out yet to cheer us on, come now. We need your support. All the game times are listed on the sports bulletin board (by the front door bozo).

Hcy, come out to the Athletic Banquet on March 20. Everyone who participated is invited. Tickets will be available soon.

If you think you can handle this job, men's athletic rep, then please fill out a nomination form and take my job. I'll be willing to talk to anyone who's interested. I'd love to.



Women's Volleyball Action

By Martha MacEachern

The Screaming Beagles are on the way to victory!

After an impressive road trip to Scarborough, the team has boosted their record to 16-8, demolishing top ranked Scarborough 3-0. Impressive playing by Kelly Cudmore, Amy Templin, Laura Ikeda and the barefooted Andrea Lennox was the key to victory.

As a whole this team has

improved greatly and has enjoyed a fabulous season despite a few minor setbacks. The regular season winds down on the 25th and excitement is running high among team members. With a win on the 25th the Beagles could finish the season in 3rd place!

Come on all you hidden volleyball fans, come out of the closet and support the Beagles on the road to victory!

Mens Basketball Action

The men's basketball season is almost over. Having played 12 games and expecting to play just one more, the team managed to survive the season without a single default.

The lack of defaults is due to the excessive participation on the part of the Vladnicks. Their support made the team a possibility and thanks should go to Eaton, William, Adrian and Mark for their unfailing attendance.

The team's record for the season was 4-7-0 with one game under protest at the moment and the last game not played at press time. Overall, the team played very well and showed excellent sportsmanship.

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KAREN HABERMAN IS A HOT BITCH. -- PAUL DELLA PENNA

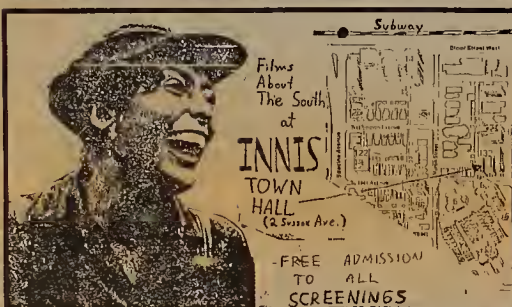
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Friday, February 27th, 4:30 P.M.:

NELSON MANDELA
(Imprisoned African National Congress Member)

YOU HAVE STRUCK A ROCK
(Women's Resistance to Apartheid)

PASSING THE MESSAGE
(Labour Activism in South Africa)

Friday, March 13th, 4:30 P.M.:

A WOMAN, A FAMILY & BEKING SUBURBS
SMALL HAPPINESS
(Women's Lives in Post-Revolutionary China)

Wednesday, March 18th, 8 P.M.:

TAUW
SEBIE & ONE OF MANY
ROOTS OF HUNGER, ROOTS OF CHANGE
(Senegal)

Wednesday, March 25th, 8 P.M.:

SWEET COUNTRY
(Chile Under Pinochet)

Monday, April 1st, 8 P.M.:

LAND WITHOUT BREAD
LOS MURDES
(Luis Buñuel, Director)

THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED
LOS OLVIDADOS
(Luis Buñuel, Director)

Wednesday, April 8th, 8 P.M.:

ANTONIO DAS MORTES

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